

The Chronicle History

Thinke on the fault my father made;
In compassing the Crowne:
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath bestow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My Lord.

King. My brother *Glosters* voice.

Glo. My Lord, the army staves vpon your presence.

Kin. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things staves for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very strong,

Ex. There's five to one, and yet they are all fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kinde Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,

My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

Cla. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

Kin. Whose that, that wishes so, my cousen *Warwick*?

Gods will I would not loose the honour

One man would share from me,

Not for my kingdome.

No.

of Henry the

No faith my *Cosen*, with not on
Rather proclaime it presently th
That he that hath no stomacke
Let him depart, his pasport shal
And crownes for conuoy put in
We would not dye in that mans
That feares his fellowship to dy
This day is called the day of *C*
He that out-liues this day, and
Shall stand a tipto when this day
And rowse him at the name of *C*
He that out-liues this day, and
Shall yearly on the vigill feast h
And say, to morrow is *S. Crispin*
Then shall we in their flowing
Be newly remembred. *Harry the*
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence*, and
Warwicke, and *Torke*,

Familiar in their mouths as hou
This story shall the good man
And from this day vnto the gen
But we in it shall be remembred
We few, we happy few, we bo
For he to day that sheds his bloo
Shall be my brother. Be he ner
This day shall gentle his condi
Then shal he strip his sleeues, &
And say, these wounds I had on
And Gentlemen in England no
Shall thinke themselues accurst
They were not there, when any
That fought with vs vpon *S. Cr*

Glo. My gracious Lord,

The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are read

War. Perish the man whose